

# The



# Cheer

"For St. Joe

and Success"

VOL. XVII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.

No. 16

## VARSITY BASEBALL SQUAD DRILLS HARD FOR AURORA

### SCHEDULE.

April 25—Aurora College at Aurora, Ill.

May 1—Chicago Normal College at Collegeville.

May 9—Crane Tech. at Collegeville.

May 13—Alumni at Collegeville.

May 16—Aurora College at Collegeville.

May 23—North Park College at Chicago.

May 30—North Park College at Collegeville.

With the season's opener but three days distant, the Red and Purple baseball squad is drilling intensely every day in preparation for the big event. The Saints' first clash will be with the Aurora college nine of Aurora, Ill., and the local boys will most probably "hop off" for that city via Kankakee early Saturday morning.

Under normal conditions, the Aurora team is credited as being a fair match for the Saints, but ineligibility has so greatly weakened the local pitching staff that the result of the coming game is extremely dubious. Coach Radican most probably will start Moore. Byrne, Picard, Kramps and Hoban are the remaining members of the hurling corps and one or more of them may receive a call before the full nine innings have been played.

Exclusive of the twirlers, the team has been finally selected. Coach Radican has chosen Steckler for first catcher and the Evansville lad will do the receiving against the Aurora sluggers. During the past week or so the local infield has displayed some snappy work in practice and largely upon its efficiency the Saints must pin their hopes for victory. Hoffman will fill his old position at second base and Koors has been named first sacker. The hot grounders through short-stop will be handled by Navarre,

while Fertalj will hold down third base.

The outfield may be depended upon to come through in a creditable manner, as the players in that department have been showing real class. Petit will start in left field, Basso in center and Kahle will be the right fielder.

Batting practice has been a feature of the daily drill and a number of players have proved themselves consistent sluggers. Offensively, against a team of its own class, the local nine should be fairly strong, so that despite the handicap caused by a lack of pitchers, St. Joe still has a fair chance of attaining some success on the diamond during the coming season.

## "THREE WISE FOOLS" TO BE ST. JOE DAY PLAY

On the eve of St. Joseph's day, "Three Wise Fools," a mirth-provoking comedy in three acts written by Austin Strong, will be presented by the C. L. S.

The play centers around the oddities and eccentricities of three old bachelors, who are accustomed to a well-ordered life. Their calm, however, is suddenly disturbed by the unexpected death of a long lost sweetheart who leaves them her daughter in equal shares. More information on the play would be an injustice. Suffice it to say, however, that the change which these three old boys undergoes provides many a laugh.

Continuing their plan of presenting only first-class productions, the Columbians in selecting this play are bending every effort toward making it a success.

The public is cordially invited to attend this production. Since there is a royalty attached to "Three Wise Fools," an admission of 50 cents will be charged. The curtain will rise at 8 o'clock. Remember the date, next Tuesday evening, April 28.

(Continued on Page Six)

## "BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE" SCORES ANOTHER HIT

Added laurels were heaped upon the cast of "Believe Me, Xantippe" by the enthusiastic audience that packed Alumni Hall Easter Monday evening. The second presentation of this popular comedy was received even more enjoyably than the first.

Harry Estadt, as George MacFarlane, was better than excellent; his acting will linger long in our memory. Francis Schwendenman repeated his previous triumph as Dolly Kamman, the comely daughter of the Colorado sheriff. Then there were the other members of the cast who did much to insure the success of the production. There was not a dull moment in all four acts of "Believe Me, Xantippe," and that is saying a whole lot.

This production was staged for the benefit of the building fund of St. Augustine's church, Rensselaer.

## ESTADT CHOSEN BASKET BALL MANAGER FOR 1925

During a special meeting held last Thursday evening for the purpose of selecting managers and arranging an athletic program for the remainder of this school year the A. A. board unanimously chose Harry Estadt basket ball manager for 1925-26. As the duties of this position are manifold and intricate, the board displayed keen judgment in selecting such a capable and efficient student to fill this important office.

## FATHER CYRIL O. F. M. CONDUCTS RETREAT

Father Cyril Georgel, O. F. M. very successfully conducted the annual Retreat here during Holy Week. Possessing a fine disposition and an excellent oratorical delivery, this young Franciscan held the attention of the students throughout. The Retreat was, indeed, a successful one.



## FROM THE STREET

"The world's a theatre, the earth a stage,  
Which God and Nature do with actors fill."

The realization of these lines is to be found in the streets of any of our American cities, throbbing with the activities of hundreds of busy men and women. Here, with the background of ever-changing scenes, one of the most interesting dramas is constantly being staged.

What is so interesting as a hustling, bustling stream of humanity that flows unceasingly along our public highways? Where can you show me such variety of settings and such gripping and interesting characters? To stand at some vantage point upon a busy street and to scan the crowd as it passes along—this is, indeed, a delight. On and on before our eyes flows that endless tide of humanity. Faces, faces and more faces; no two alike and each tells a story of its own.

In close succession in this massive spectacle march in turn Comedy, Romance, Pathos, Love, Tragedy, Crime—the whole gamut of human passions and virtues personified. Here it is that one can secure the truest picture of life, the one as it really is. The bright side, the beautiful, the pathetic and the hideous, all are present in this endless procession.

Comedy, with its cap and bells, capers about upon the stage of everyday life. Though each comedian is unaware of his role, yet every one portrays his respective part with unequalled skill. The effect of the city's turmoil upon the farmer from the hills; the capers of an Assyrian fruit vendor—these are only examples of the strain of comedy that runs through the course of city life.

Love, that omnipresent passion in human circles, flits about as a gentle fairy. The sight of a mother and her children is a common one. But have you ever stopped to observe them? What solicitude for the safety and comfort of her darlings is not there in every word and look of the mother. In her eyes there is the light of love, which is the life of her very being. Yes, this is Love, the love that the poets have extolled for ages, love that the artist has depicted upon the canvas.

But life is not all roses and sunshine. There is still another—the sad side. Pathetic, indeed, are the scenes that now and then present themselves upon the streets of our cities. To me one of the most impressive of these was the figure of an old lady. It was on the streets of our national capital that I saw

her. Standing upon one of the busiest corners of the city, the old woman was selling newspapers. Clapsed in her hand was a rosary—the only solace, perhaps, in her wretchedness. What a story must lie behind that stooped and aged figure. Upon her face were furrowed deep lines, the trace of some great tragedy.

Then again in the dark shadows of life, there lurks crime. Sad though it seems it is the lot of humanity not to be immune from faults. Have you ever beheld crime personified? Occasionally we behold in the passing flow of humanity a face that makes our blood run cold and our hearts jump with horror and repulsion, so hideous it is.

In the great drama of life there are numerous artists. Each comes upon the stage and recites his lines, performs his work and is gone only to be supplanted by another. To many, solitude of country alone appeals, but give me the humming city streets—the constant roar and rumble of the traffic, the shrill call of the huckster and newsboy, the hustle and bustle of a busy people—this is "life."—Francis Schwendeman, '26.

## FOURTHS' NEWSY NOTES

Charles L. Gleason, '25.

Kahle—Did you vin der race today, Clete?

Hipskind—Yes, by chust a nose, Harv.

Kahle—Mine Gott, vot a victory!

Overheard in the Dorm.

Munning—Say, Tub, that sport editor of the Cheer is a big ham.

Gruse—Why, how's that?

Munning—Oh, he wrote a lot of applesauce about me in that last issue. I'd like to ring his neck. (Perhaps Harold was peeved, but nevertheless he ordered three extra copies the next morning).

Al Krill, relating a story the other day in his usual vigorous way, said: "D-e man got wiolent and den he became wexed, tearing his waselined hair as he fell to d-e floor."

IMAGINE

—Glennon using GOOD ENGLISH in a conversation;

—Mahoney plugging during FREE TIME;

—"Gunboat" Pintar with a girl friend;

—Mac DeShone without a magazine;

—"Rapid-Fire" Westendorf flunking in expression;

—Friemoth without his fellow-townsmen, Ockuly.

## THE CHEER'S HONOR ROLL

### Sixth Class.

Ralph Mueller	.95 4-7
Charles Boldrick	.95 1-8
Charles Ruess	.93 2-3
Sylvester Schmelzer	.91 1-3
Edward Kotter	.91 2-7
James Hoban	.91 2-7
Average	.93 1-2

### Fifth Class.

Francis Schwendeman	.96
Cornelius Dobmeyer	.95
Leo Higi	.94 3-7
Gregory Nordenbrock	.93
Harry Estadt	.91 2-7
Average	.93 4-7

### Fourth Class.

Paul Higi	.94
Louis Brohmann	.92
Albert Gluckert	.90 1-6
Herman Klocker	.89
Fred Westendorf	.88 3-7
Average	.91 4-21

### Third Class.

Frank Denka	.98 1-3
Cornelius Heringhaus	.97 1-3
Charles Jessico	.97 1-6
Michael Hnat	.96 1-2
Charles Ryan	.96 1-5
Average	.97 1-10

### Second Class.

Leslie Ryan	.98
Henry Alig	.96 2-7
Michael Walz	.96 1-6
Norbert Busscher	.94
Thomas Medland	.92
Carl Reichlin	.92
Average	.95 1-7

### First Class.

Richard Bauman	.98
William Zeller	.96 1-7
Charles Shannon	.95 1-5
John Schwab	.95
Arnold Grot	.94 5-7
Average	.95 4-5

### Third Commercials.

Edgar Orf	.94 5-6
Anthony Basso	.89 5-7
Cyril Wagner	.76 4-5
John Fertilj	.76
Average	.84 1-3

### Second Commercials.

Charles Yeager	.88
Arthur Vogel	.87
Paul Ameling	.86
Charles Verhoven	.84
Alfred Gruber	.80
Average	.85

Zender claims that he couldn't help acting so girlish the other night, because it was his maiden speech.

### Freshmen Reflections (Sad)

They told us not to hurry,  
Not to sit up nights and cram,  
Not to feel a sense of worry,  
In taking our exam.  
And so we didn't hurry,  
Didn't sit up nights and cram,  
Didn't feel a sense of worry  
And we flunked in our exam.



## OUR CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL—LETTER WRITING

By extensive research we have ascertained that one of the most pressing problems in the student's life to-day is that of letter writing. Acting upon our findings we have decided to introduce a course in epistolary communication in the curriculum of this school.

As our researches revealed that nearly ninety per cent of the letters written are exhortations for a speedy reply we will here print a letter of this type of proved efficiency in obtaining timely answers. We are sure that if this letter is used it will eliminate a large amount of the useless pencil chewing, day dreaming and general listlessness which is coincident with the writing of nearly every letter:—

I appeal to your propinquity to honorificabilitudinitatibus and voluntarism for the acceleratory response to this letter. In words of less magnitude, I am solicitous of expostulating with your magnanousity concerning the unceremoniousness of your incommunicability and wish peremptorily, authoritatively, unhesitatingly to declare it wholly inexplicable and unpardonable.

I hope my language is not too exuberant for your comprehension and unless such is the state of affairs I purpose to maintain the unprecedented magnitude of the foregoing assertion. Furthermore it is my sedate and earnest endeavor to present to you, for your approbation or disapprobation, this concatenation of dissimilar verbal synonymic similitudes, replete with internal inhibitions, yet promulgating extensive ratiocination and meticulously designed to promote fulminative vituperation, dispel hebetudeness and develop speculative, contemplative, introspective, deliberative and cogitative faculties. However I trust that you do not harbor any antipathy whatsoever towards the platitudinous ponderosity which I occasionally have resource to in promulgating my esoteric cogitations or articulating my superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychosocial observations.

Temporarily to deviate from this monchalant aetheral sphere of verbal monstrosities I beg leave to inform you that unless you desist from being incommunicative I will modify your entire physiognomy, remove you from your procrastinatory environment and transport you either to the territory of celestial felicity or to the profundity of the earth.

In conclusion I wish to comment that if this fails to consummate a deterioration in, and peradventure

detestation and abomination of your propensity towards incommunicativeness, I will acknowledge my incompetency to conceive the well-nigh incomprehensible incongruity, inconsistency and discrepancy of your psychological organ.

Wm. Friemoth.

### BACK TO THE OLD HOME

(Pittsburgh Gazette-Times)

'Twuz good to git back home again—to see the boys once more

Out thar, a-playin' checkers, by the old-time grocery store.

Just like as in the old days 'neath the chinaberry tree;

"Seven up" on the old pine box, an' deal a hand fer me!

At first they didn't know me—fer time had slipped away,

An' I came back with a beaver hat, an' hair a little gray;

But something in my voice brought back the days that used to be,

When I hollered: "If it's 'Seven up,' jes' deal a hand fer me!"

Doc Brown riz up an' shouted:

"It's him—it's him, fer shore!"

An' Burt—he left a customer thar in the grocery store;

An' others came around me, an' eyed me, up an' down;

"It's checkers, an' it's 'seven up' that brought him back to town!"

An' I said: "You shore have hit it"—they wuz glad as glad could be;

They made room at the old pine box, an' dealt a hand to me!

An' such a lively game it wuz! an' this here will I say,

If ever Hearts wuz trumps in life, they shore wuz trumps that day!

Many now living are dead but don't know it.

Knowledge is a tool—judgement it the use of knowledge.

How little we know, and how doubtful we are about what we think we know!

Prof.—What was the Tower of Babel?

Student—Wasn't that the place where Solomon kept his 500 wives? —Purple and White.

Among so many things as are by men possessed or pursued, all the rest are bubbles besides these: Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read.—Selected.

## SPORT FODDER

With the season's opener but three days off, everyone is growing anxious around the Red and Purple camp. St. Joe fans confidently expect the wearers of the black and white bloomers to return from Aurora with a victory.

The pitching problem is giving Coach Radican the most worry, and as yet the hurling choice has not been named. Moore, the diminutive southpaw, will probably receive the call.

St. Joe is extremely well provided with diamonds this year. Already the Junior and Senior Leagues have been assigned their respective grazing grounds on the north side campus.

Another week will probably find the leagues swinging into action and the outlook seems particularly brilliant, especially in the Senior circuit.

This new arrangement will eliminate the crowded condition heretofore experienced when the Varsity and the Junior diamonds were located in such close proximity.

Baseball has a rival at St. Joe in tennis. Daily the courts on the north side are occupied by followers of the racquet game. The courts are in fair condition and the rains of the last few days will improve them even more.

Tom Ronayne posted a notice the other day that read: "I have missed my 'Step to Oratory.' Finder will oblige by returning it."

The Senior Dorm is a rocky place.

Wouldn't it be terrible if a fellow copyrighted his exam paper and everyone receiving a question from that fellow's paper would be obliged to conform to the regulations in vogue in journalism by writing after it: "This answer by courtesy of Soandso."?

"Slow down a little. You might run into that picket fence and smash things."

"What picket fence; those are telephone poles."—Pacific Star.

"You do mighty well for the first time you ever milked a cow," said the farmer to the city slicker.

"Well, sir, you see I've had practice on a fountain pen."—Xaverian News.



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Address: Editor, The College Cheer,  
Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Ind., Wed., April 22, 1925

## EDITORIALS

### WHY NOT JOIN THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS?

In a few short weeks the Knights of Columbus, Bishop Dwenger Council of Rensselaer, intends to stage an initiation. The drive for candidates has begun, and the local knights are bending every effort in order to insure a large class. We hope that those of the required age will give the proposal their deepest consideration.

The Knights of Columbus and their splendid work need no introduction to most of us. For many years this vast army of Catholic men have labored earnestly to disseminate truth regarding the Catholic church and to scatter good to humanity in general. With their watchword, "Charity," ever before them, this great order has made rapid strides in America and today it is widely respected by men and women of every creed.

At the present time the Knights of Columbus are engaged in a gigantic educational program. Their night schools and correspondence schools have become popular to those unable to attend high schools and universities. At these schools excellent courses in a wide number of studies and trades are offered free or at a minimum cost. The K. of C's., believing that the best use for the surplus money on hand from their extensive war-time program would be in the educational field have acted accordingly and today the good that has come from this move is immeasurable.

And, speaking of their war-time program, need we recount their magnificent service rendered during that mighty cataclysm? Hundreds and thousands of K. C. huts sprang up, as if by magic, in the various training camps, both here and abroad. "Casey" threw all his energy and resources toward making the noble defenders of Old Glory comfortable. That famous sign, "Everybody welcome and everything free," made

him a popular fellow among the khaki-clad boys. Many a chap found solace for "blues" at these huts. In the trenches across the seas he braved the mud and filth, the shrapnel and the enemy's bullets to bring the soothing "drag" from a "Camel" to the nerve-shattered soldiers. It was Casey who carried those cans of steaming coffee and chocolate to the grim and war-wearied men in the trenches. Yes, Casey never forgot that his motto was "Charity."

In spite of these great achievements, however, the Knights of Columbus are, perhaps, the most slandered organization in the United States. We all thought that after the war the splendid deeds of this order would forever silence the voice of its bigoted enemies. But it has not been so. Today there is as much slander and calumny against the K. C's as of yore. But such things will ever be; we must take the bitter with the sweet and continue on our way.

Thus what we meant for a word has become quite a few. The idea back of it all is this: The Knights of Columbus are doing wonderful things for America and Catholicism, and they need you. Think over the proposition and have some local member expound the insurance feature and the other details to you. We hope that initiation day will find St. Joe well represented among the candidates.

### THE VALUE OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP

Friendship, real, true friendship, is one of man's most precious possessions. The thought may never have occurred to you, but what do you think life would be without friendship? Those bonds which bind us closer to each other are the bonds of friendship.

A true friend, it has been said, is a person who knows all our faults and still loves us. When we analyze this definition we see that it comes very close to expressing the idea perfectly. Friendship, as has been said, is that bond which draws us closer to each other. Now, this necessarily implies that we come to know each other intimately; we learn the good and bad qualities of our neighbor.

Now is the time to forge the links in our chain of friendship. The friends we acquire now will be ever dear to us and their memory will ever come back to us with renewed joy. Cherish well the friendship of your fellow man and try to make his life more pleasant.

We must not, however, seek popularity by the shortest means. Only too often have men mistaken the

applause of the multitude for friendship. The world may applaud us today and tomorrow that same world may jeer and deride us. In making friends, therefore, do not stoop too low.

Friendship is noble; friendship is good. Let us cultivate it in a manner to make it genuine. We are young; life stretches before us like a vast expanse, and if we are to conquer, we need true friends—friends that will stand with us in victory and in defeat.

### THE ALUMNI ESSAY CONTEST

The ability to command clear and forcible use of English, either spoken or written, is, perhaps, the most important aid a student may acquire. In later life our success or failure will generally depend on the way we use our mother tongue. Consider how often we use our own language during the course of a single day; it is indispensable.

English, for this reason, should be emphasized strongly throughout the elementary, high school and university career of every student. Too many realize only too late that their knowledge of the correct use of English is inadequate to insure the success they are trying to achieve.

To stimulate interest along the lines of proficient essay writing, the Alumni Association annually offers two medals for the two best English essays submitted by St. Joe students. The idea is an excellent one and the influence it works is of no small consequence.

Many students, however, thinking that their efforts will be in vain, fail to respond to the urge. The Alumni Essay Contest is open to all students of St. Joe; there is no class distinction. There are scattered throughout this institution men who possess great talent in English, but they lack the necessary punch to carry them through. If the contest would arouse these to action, it would do much toward its ultimate end.

If the Alumni Essay Contest is to be successful, it needs your support. That support consists in this: That every student who has any ability at all submit an essay. Begin today, select a topic and set to work with a will. The old, old adage is that everything worth while demands an effort, and this case is no exception.

Let us all get behind this contest and, by our co-operation, make it truly worth while. If we do this, then, on the tenth of May, when the contest closes, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that St. Joe is represented in a worthy manner.

"What is the most popular animal in the United States?"

"Hot dog!"—Centric.



BACK AGAIN

Colledgeville indiany

Dear Paw,  
Agin i grab my pen to hussel off a few lines afore dinner. The weather is warm, it haint rained since this morning, the exams re-treat and vacation is over. Thats putting it in a nut shell if the nut was the size of some of these gies heads what walk around looking wise.

i spose you got my grades, which grades i consider right good. My average is as good as i ever got. Now, paw 'bout this steadying its just like on the farm. Some land is fertul and some is not. Now at colledge some branes is furtul and others is not. you can't work the brane 2 hard jest like you can't work the ground 2 hard.

There is 2 bee a show here next week called three Wise Fools." in reality there is quite a few more of the latter around here than 3 though, and wurst of all they aint wise. Somebody's agoin 2 git sore though when he buys a ticket what says on it "Three Wise Fools" admit one.

Bill Barrett says his dad writ 2 him sayin that one gie asked him how Bill was a makin it. Bills dad said, "I'm amakin it; He's a spendin it" which is true.

i spose you are a plowin things up all over the old farm well i shore wisht i was their 2 steer that ole plow around onct more.

Well paw i have told you all i know or even suspicioned so i will clothes with love to all and tell maw i shore wisht i was back 2 home to eat a piece of maw's fresh ruberb pie.

Now and always,  
Hiram.

God, while blessing the earth with its beautiful and precious things, wants for Himself only the spirits of angels and the hearts of men.—Faber.

"What is a seven-letter word meaning the home of the swallow?"  
"Stomach. Tee hee!"—Wendelette.

A PARODY

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Cats are harmless little things  
For the soul is dead that slumbers  
When a cat at midnight sings.

Cats are real, cats are earnest  
And the song is not their goal  
But song it is and song returneth  
and it touches every soul.

Not enjoyment nor yet sorrow  
Is its destined end or way  
But on the night of each tomorrow  
It is worse than 'twas today.

The notes are long and travel fleet-  
ing  
And hearts must be strong and  
brave  
And must continue normal beating  
Or they will land into the grave.

But keep on with the battle  
On the battlefield of life  
Be not like dumb driven cattle;  
Be a hero in the strife.

Nine lives of cats remind us  
We can injure them in time  
And departing leave behind us  
Knowledge in the sands of time.

Knowledge that perhaps another  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn tortured brother,  
Knowing may take up the fight  
again.

Let us then be up and doing  
And hand to cats their fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Till cats no music make.  
—Wm. Friemoth, '25.

RALSTON? Most certainly! And  
as usual right up-to-the-moment  
in style. Better come In early  
and look them over : : :  
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Lunch



East Chicago and Indiana Harbor are continually at war. Recently a citizen from the Harbor walked up to a fruit stand in East Chicago and, grabbing a huge pumpkin, howled: "Is that the kind of apples you grow here?"

"Drop that grape!" yelled the man from East Chicago.

Our idea of hard luck is the case of the bird who "pulls off" a ninety-six average for last place on the honor roll.

According to one of our illustrious seniors, the nightingale that persistently gropes about in the "dorm" tying knots in shirts and socks must be qualifying as a boy scout.

#### Famous Last Lines.

"I didn't have time."

"I won't write the rules."

"You're booked!"

The last line of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!"

If you want to know what it means to get the razz, just write a deep joke.

### "THREE WISE FOOLS" TO BE ST. JOE DAY PLAY (Continued from Page One)

#### "THREE WISE FOOLS"

##### Cast of Characters

Mr. Theodore Findley..James Hoben  
Dr. Richard Gaunt .....  
..... Charles Boldrick  
Hon. James Trumbull .....  
..... Sylvester Schmelzer  
Gordon Schuyler....Urban Wimmers  
Sidney Fairchild .....  
..... Francis Schwendenman  
Mrs. Saunders.....Charles Ruess  
Benjamin Surratt....Clemens Koors  
John Crawshay...Alphonse Hoffman  
J. Poole ..... Russell Scheidler  
Gray ..... Sylvester Ziemer  
Clancy ..... John Byrne  
Douglas ..... Edward Kotter  
Policeman ..... Thomas Ronayne

#### Act I.

The living room in the home of the Three Wise Fools, Washington Square, New York City.

#### Act II.

Four weeks later.

#### Act III.

Half an hour later.

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## PHILIP J. FRECHETTE

"QUALITY CANDIES PRICED RIGHT"

Our Complete Line Carried by  
by the

## Collegeville Candy Company



CHEERY CHOKES

BACK AGAIN.

Abie and the goldfish refuse to remain out of print. One of our readers has suggested two more lines. We repeat the entire joke:  
A-B-C-D Goldfish  
L-M-N-O Goldfish  
O-S-A-R Goldfish  
O-S-A-R Goldfish  
I-L-B-D—— if they are.  
Curtain.

The part of an auto that causes more accidents than any other is the nut that holds the steering wheel.—Judge.

Some men have had respect for a woman with a strap in her hand since boyhood. That's why they often give a woman their seat in a street car.

"I ain't sayin' you aint right, big boy, but I is sayin' that if you was one foot shorter you'd be wrong as hell."—Judge.

Not every maker of comedy material in a studio is a writer; he may make pies.

A SNEAKER.

The wind howled weirdly as it whistled and roared through the inky heavens that winter night. The streets were deserted save for the sleeping policeman up on the corner of Sixth and Main.  
Inside of the First National Bank a man worked feverishly. He must hurry; to delay meant ruin. On and on he labored.

Out on the corner the policeman stirred and started down the street toward the bank. Closer and closer he came until finally he stood in front of the bank door.  
The door opened, out walked a man.  
"Hello, Bill."  
"Hello, Tony; finished on time, eh?"  
"Yeh." And with this the janitor walked away. He had finished mopping the floor.  
(Well, who said it was a joke).

Two Jews were shipwrecked and after drifting for several days in a small boat Goldberg said to Lewis: "Look, Look! I see a sail!"  
Lewis answered: "Vot's the use? We have no samples!"—Chanticleer.

Dumb—I hit a guy yesterday and you should have seen him run.  
Sock—Yeh?  
Dumb—Yeh, but he didn't catch me!

Her—I heard you went to a ball game last Sunday instead of to church.  
It—That's a lie; and I've got the fish to prove it.

"The flavor lasts," said the man on the morning after the night before.

After being at college three years Hiram wrote home to his dad on the farm and said he was still following the team.

Could you call a sissy a "home-made cake?"

ENCYCLOPEDIA COLLEGEVILLA.  
A cutting wrong: The act committed by the bird who manicures the pie.

"You're down and out," said the spike to the tire.

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CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS

Priced to Get Customers Quality to Keep Them



**"DAWN"**

Red grows the east—the purple east  
grows red,  
And up from rest the sun begins to  
rise;  
Apollo drives the car, and as he  
dyes  
The clouds, the shades of night, de-  
part in dread;  
The stars their silvery light no  
longer shed,  
And Luna draws her cloak across  
her eyes  
And fades away; the air is filled  
with cries  
Of many birds; the grass with dew  
is spread;  
All nature stands erect, and draws  
her robe  
From off her ball of Earth, that in  
her sway  
Protected lies, rejoicing in her  
thrall—  
Her treasure, though a fragile  
em'rald globe;  
And when the dawn has brightened  
into day  
Forth come the sons of Adam, lords  
of all! —C. M. N. D. P.

Some guys are like onions to the  
girls—big, and strong enough to  
bring tears to their eyes.

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